




# [locked/private] One forward, two back



standuponit  
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2009-09-04 11:57:00

**MOOD:** ☹️ awful

**MUSIC:** The Cowboy's Batphone

I baked cupcakes and took them to her last night. Sort of doughnut consolation, maybe. I made the Chocolate Featherbeds recipe, the one that's from some '50s cookbook and probably based on a thirty-year-old recipe even then, and I frosted them with the chocolate fudge frosting. She loves those. She once said they were Hostess Cupcake bodhisattvas.

While I watched, she picked up the first one and broke it in half, then broke those pieces in half, and kept on until she'd crumbled the whole cupcake. Crumbs everywhere, chocolate frosting under her fingernails (short now) and embedded in her cuticles.

"What are you doing?" I asked her, and I was proud of myself, because it just sounded curious. It didn't sound the way I felt.

She kept her face tilted down and her head a turned a little to the side, but she looked up at me, slantwise. Back in the day I would have thought she was going to tease me.

"Looking for the teeny tiny file," she said.

After a pause just long enough for that to sink in, she added, "Oh, that's right. You're the *good* twin."

But I stayed while she crumbled all twelve cupcakes. She smiled the whole time.

They're just cupcakes. I can bake more. And maybe the next time I bring them, it'll be her I get to give them to.

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This looks like a  
good idea

This.

Little guy's not  
bad

good idea.

...

Dad.

...

Gotta teach RHex  
to smear.

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